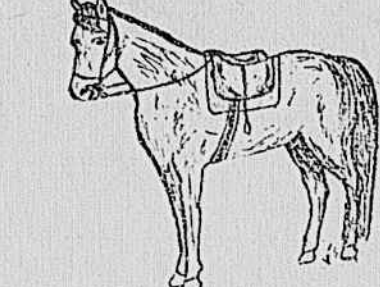


F. B. DUNN.



JOHN WINN, JR.



WILLIE D. SPANGLER.



Editorial and Literary Department

Medals and Badges Are in Hand

My Dear Boys and Girls:

The delayed medals and badges have arrived. I am sending out the medals, and next Sunday the medal winners' names will be announced and the medals sent out at once. And next Sunday I am going to tell you a piece of very good news, something that concerns you and in which you will all be interested.

I must explain to you that I have been sick and away from the office for a week, so I have hardly gotten things straight. But everything will be going smoothly by next week, and club members entitled to medals will receive them.

YOUR EDITOR.

WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.

Miss Elizabeth Penick, South Boston, Va.
W. R. Shands, Covington, Va.
Walter Risque, Buena Vista, Va.

WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS.

Anthony, Blanche
Burke, Lucile
Baker, Elizabeth
Chambers, V. A.
Beverly, Edgar R.
Barnes, John T.
Brown, Marion F.
Coke, Anne B.
Dyke, Evelyn E.
Dunn, Florence
Dudley, Elsie E.
Pink, Norine
Gilliam, Claude
Gates, Estelle
Graves, F. E.
Gilliam, Dorothy
Garry, Nell
Geddy, Anne C.
Holman, Elizabeth
Harris, Margaret
Hay, Emma
Hankin, Ahe
Hartford, Alvin
Howard, Mary
Hunt, Charles O.
Jones, Dickey
Kuhn, Louise
Kent, Virginia E.
Lumsden, Gladys
Lander, Mary E.
Lott, William C.
Lester, Maggie
Lawford, Wright
Monroe, Ben G.
Murray, Warren N.
Beverly, Edgar R.
Peace, Joseph
Page, Wharton
Parker, R. G.
Petersen, Katherine
Penick, Elizabeth
Risque, Walter
Rath, Louise
Ransom, Lora V.
Risue, Norma W.
Routh, Ida B.
Rice, John W.
Sanford, Emma
Stonberg, Rose
Scott, Lucile
Scott, Minnie R.
Shands, W. R.
Sheffield, J. W., Jr.
Spangler, W. D.
Spencer, C. A.
Snow, Katherine
Turpin, Lee, Jr.
Walker, Louise
Vanderlehr, R. A.
Winn, John, Jr.
Woodville, J. B., Jr.

MABEL AND ELLA.

Mabel and Ella were the girls, Mabel was about sixteen years old and Ella was about fourteen years old. Their parents had sent them to a boarding school. The people at the boarding school did not like them enough to eat, so they would slip out every evening about dark and go down to Aunt Anna's cabin to get something to eat. Aunt Anna was an old negro woman, who owned a cabin near the schoolhouse.

One night as they were going back to the schoolhouse from Aunt Anna's, they sat down on a log to rest. They had not been there very long when a man came out of the woods and asked them the way to the road. They pointed the way out to him, but he said he could not see very good in the darkness and asked them to go with him as far as the road, so they went with him. When they got to the road he asked them to go a little farther and led them right into a Gypsy camp.

The Gypsies said that they would take them home in the morning, so the girls dressed up and danced around the fire with the Gypsy children.

In the morning the Gypsies started out, and Mabel and Ella got into a wagon and went with them.

When they had gone a little ways, Ella said she did not know the road, and that she did not believe the Gypsies were taking them home. A Gypsy woman told them that it was a short cut through the woods, but when they came out of the woods it was in a town about twenty miles from their home.

The Gypsies would not let them go home, but let them go riding every day with two of the Gypsy girls.

One day while they were on riding they came to Mabel's grandma's farm. The girls did not let the Gypsies know this, but made out they were lost, but the Gypsies said they knew the way and made out.

When they came to the farm gate, Mabel said she would go in and ask for something to eat. So she went in and told her grandma all about their being captured. Her grandma was very glad to see her and said she would send them home when they wanted to go.

She went out, and when the Gypsies started home they sent their messengers after them as fast as they could. For they had been in the habit of racing back to camp. The Gypsies did not find out that the girls were not on their ponies until they reached camp.

The girls went back to Mabel's grandma's and spent a happy day and night, and Mabel's grandma took them home the next day. Their parents never sent them to a boarding school again.

Composed by

WALTER RISQUE.

HILDA'S DREAM.

"Hilda, you must clean up the house while I'm away," said her mother. Hilda was thirteen years old and lived about a mile from town. She did not like to help about the house at all, but her mother wanted her to be a nice housekeeper when she got grown, and made her learn how.

So Hilda went to town about 1 o'clock to spend the day, and she was left to clean the house. She started soon after her mother left, but did everything halfway to get through quick, so she could go out and play. She was exhausted before getting the dishes done and sat down to think how she wished she didn't have to clean up. She began crying. The next thing she knew a beautiful little fairy came before her. "What is the matter, my little girl?" asked the fairy. "I want to be a grown lady," said Hilda, "so

that I won't mind cleaning up." The fairy threw her wand around Hilda's head, and the next thing she knew she was a real grown lady. She jumped up out of her chair in great delight and started cleaning again. She thought she didn't mind it now that she was a grown lady. Just as she finished the doorknob rang and in walked some young ladies. Hilda thought they would be surprised to see her a grown lady but they weren't. As soon as they saw the house they began laughing. Every one who saw it laughed at it. Hilda began wishing she was a child again. If she was only little and could be careless. She started crying again when she awoke and found herself still sitting in the chair. How glad she was that she was still a child and could learn how. She got up and finished without minding it the least bit, and never had any more trouble about cleaning. (Original.)

ELIZABETH BAKER.
6 Bellevue Flats, city.

THE RISE AND FALL.

Mildred Duban was an orphan child, her parents having died when she was only four years of age. An intimate friend of her mother, Mrs. Wilkins, decided to take her in. In fact, Mrs. Duban had requested her on her death bed to care for Mildred, her only child. So naturally her wish was carried out as they had always loved her. As there had no other children and were wealthy, Mildred did not wish for anything.

Their adopted daughter was now eighteen and Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins wanted her to enjoy herself as much as possible, so they decided they would buy a cottage at the seashore, and the three could spend the summer there together. Mildred was overjoyed with this plan and began at once to make preparations for the summer trip. But she had one wish to ask of her adopted parents, that was that she wanted to carry her pet shepherd dog, Rover. At first they only laughed at her, but finally seeing she was in earnest they consented.

Flowers were in bloom and everything was cheerful for it was the month of June, and the Mildred was happy because they were going to leave for the seashore in the morning. After getting the large traveling trunk and boxes, etc., off to the depot every thing went along smoothly. Mildred and Mrs. Wilkins as usual made many friends on the train and this helped them to enjoy the trip, and to make it shorter.

Upon their arrival, they went to their cottage, "The Colonial," and prepared for tea. The service had been everything on beautifully under the supervision of Mrs. Wilkins, and her husband and Mildred were charmed with the arrangements. It was a very appropriate one, which they all enjoyed. The furniture was of colonial style.

Six weeks had elapsed and as Mildred was feeling lonesome she thought she would take a short walk along the beach one day. As there were few bathers on the beach, Mildred and Rover could take a quiet walk. Now and then she would sit down on the sand and watch the large waves wash on the shore, then again she would throw sticks into the water and cry to Rover to bring them to her. Feeling gloomy and wandering to and fro on the beach, one suddenly came to a stand still and reaching down into her hand bag, drew out a pair of opera-glasses.

Which she had unconsciously placed there several days before. Raising them to her eyes she searched the waters, then taking them away she noticed something. Replacing them to her eyes again, she gazed out to sea. "Oh," she screamed, and staggered to some nearby bathers, then looking back to Rover she cried: "Go, Rover, go!" human like he jumped into the water and swam in the direction she had beckoned. At the same time the lookers-on were crowding around her anxious to know what had happened. They began to question her, but for a few seconds all she could say was: "I rose and fell." This aroused their curiosity more than anything, and they begged her to tell what had happened. Finally she managed to tell what she had seen. She said, as she raised her glasses to her eyes she saw a human being without stretched out on the beach, and reached into the water. Nothing else was needed, the bathers ran swiftly and procured a boat and hastened to rescue the dying man.

When they reached the man and was pulling him along by his clothes, they approached. Luckily the rescuers lifted the drowning man into the boat, (also Rover) and hastened to shore.

Mildred was awaiting the coming of the rescuers patiently. Before they reached the shore she cried: "Hurry, hurry to 'The Colonial,' we will do all we can for him." It was very kind in her to suggest this, but really it was the proper place for him—as it was Mr. Wilkins.

Composed by

ESTELLE GATES.

271 Byrne Street.

MERCY'S BRAVERY.

One afternoon Mercy, a Puritan maiden, sat before the huge fireplace spinning. There was no noise in the room except the hum of the wheel and the sound of the thread as it came from the grandfather's clock in the corner.

Over in the corner a small black cat, which set it rocking noisily back and forth, but nothing else broke the stillness. Mercy was getting weary of spinning, but she remembered the warm blanket it would bring her father, so she spun on.

Suddenly a cry arose from the cradle, and Mercy, springing up, glad to find some excuse for stopping her work, ran over to the cradle and settled Frank on the floor with his blocks.

"Mercy make Frank another house," she called gaily for the fifth time stacking up the small wooden blocks. "Now look at that!" she said to a fat little black stretched out and over went the fifth blockhouse. Little Frank, crowing with delight all the while, "Hurry, hurry, hurry!" the big old clock struck five o'clock. Here it is 5 o'clock.

Mother and father will be here soon, and I haven't even started supper," cried Mercy, seeming to stir the fire, hang a kettle of water over it, and cut the bread all at once.

Frank sat contentedly playing with his blocks while Mercy sat at the back door milking the cow. Suddenly something attracted his attention more than his blocks. What was that looking in at the window? A large copious open-mouthed wonder, for he had never seen an Indian before. The Indian stared at him, too, and this was the way Mercy found them when she came in from milking. Terrified, she seized Frank and pushed him under his cradle, which she had turned upside down. Then grasping her father's old musket, she rushed out and fired bang!

When the smoke cleared away the red man was nowhere to be seen. He was only a friendly old Indian, who, suffering from hunger, had come down to beg food from some of the white people. But finding that the gun was an evil spirit come to punish him, he ran, frightened, back to his wigwam.

Meanwhile Mercy went back and freed Frank, who was crying passionately in his little prison. Just as she was putting the last powder dish on the table, the door opened and her mother, who, when they heard her story at the supper table, laughed heartily at her fear of the harmless Indian, but also praised her for thinking first of her little brother.

Your member,
Hollins College, Hollins, Va., March 3, 1911.

FOXES.

Once there lived in the woods five little foxes and they were gray. One day when the father and mother were going away they said, "Children, you must stay in the house until we come back, so they set out for the poultry yard to get a fat fowl. Just as they were coming out of the house a very large dog jumped on the mother. The father took the turkey a little way down the hill and then came back. The father fox fought and fought, but the big dog killed the mother fox. The father fox returned with a heavy heart to tell the misfortune. The five little ones missed the mother very much. So all the work fell on the old father fox. At last he took the oldest fox and trained him to climb trees. One night as the little fox was up the tree to get a fat hen, a man with a gun came along. The father gave a yell to warn the little one to stay still, which he did. The father took the fox down the hill, and the little one hid himself among the leaves. The man thought that Mr. Fox was the only one there. He shot, but what was the use? The fox was half-way home. At last it quietly crept back to the middle of the night the old fox came creeping back to help the other one, who came down the tree and went home. They brought the fat hen, too. They had a fine supper of chicken, and each little fox went to sleep sucking a chicken bone.

Composed by ELIZABETH HOLMAN.
Lee, Va.

MERCURY AND THE WOODMAN.

One day a woodman was resting from his work by the side of a river. His axe slipped his axe into the water. He found it impossible to recover the axe. Being thus deprived of means of earning a living, he sat down on the bank and bemoaned his fate.

Mercury, who was passing, asked him why he wept. He told him of the loss of his axe, and Mercury plunged into the water, and bringing up a golden axe, asked if it was the one he lost. Upon the woodman's saying that it was not his, Mercury disappeared into the water a second time, and coming up with a silver axe in his hand, he asked the man if this was his.

The woodman said it was not his. Mercury went into the river for the third time and brought up the axe that had been lost. The woodman said that this was his, and he expressed his joy at its recovery. Mercury was so pleased with the woodman's honesty that he gave him the gold and silver axes, and returned to his own home.

On his return home the woodman related to the people all that had happened. One of them thought he would see whether he could secure the same good fortune to himself. So he ran to the river, threw his axe into the water, and sat down to weep. Mercury appeared as before, and having learned the cause of his grief, plunged into the river, brought up a golden axe, and asked if it was his. He said that it was not his. Mercury would not give him the golden axe, and also refused to get his axe he had lost.

Crewe, Va. WHARTON PAGE.

THE CITY OF CHARLOTTESVILLE.

Charlottesville is the county seat and most populous and prosperous city in Albemarle county. Located at an elevation of 450 feet, and surrounded by the Blue Ridge Mountains, Charlottesville enjoys very beautiful scenery. The water system is unequalled by any other in Virginia. We have electric cars and electric lights and gas.

Charlottesville is one of the oldest and most historic cities in the State, being the scene of both Revolutionary and Civil War struggles. The Saratoga prisoners were barracked here for about two years.

Four successive Presidents of the Union had to come here to vote. "Monticello and Ash Lawn" are located within a few miles of here. The former is the home of Jefferson, the latter of Monroe.

The population of this city amounts to something like 10,000.

The University of Virginia is located here. This university was founded by Thomas Jefferson, who also laid out the city. All educational advantages are to be found here. There is a large public school, which has 1,400 pupils in attendance. We have also a colored school and numerous large private schools.

KATHERINE SNOW.



AHE HANKIN.



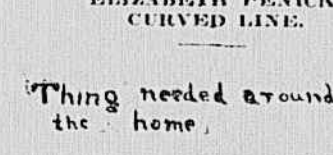
ANNE CARY GEDDY.



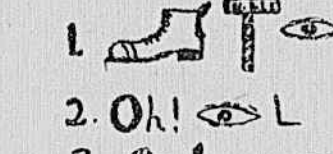
ELIZABETH PENICK, CURVED LINE.



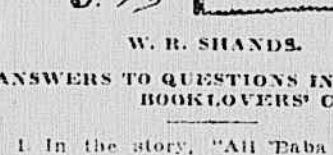
ELIZABETH PENICK, CURVED LINE.



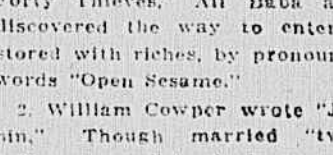
Thing needed around the home.



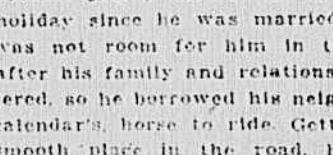
W. R. SHANDS.



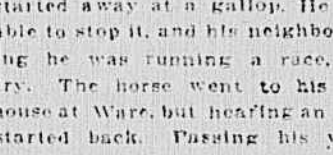
ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN BOOK LOVERS' CONTEST.



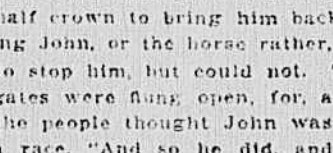
1. In the story, "All Baba and the Forty Thieves," All Baba accidentally discovered the way to enter a cave stored with riches, by pronouncing the words "Open Sesame."



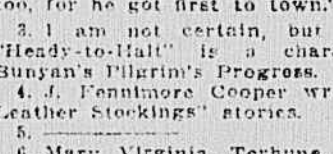
2. William Cowper wrote "John Gilpin." Though married "twice ten tedious years," he had never taken a holiday since he was married. There was not room for him in the coach after his family and relations had entered, so he borrowed his neighbor's, a calendar's horse to ride. Getting to a smooth place in the road, his horse started away at a gallop. He was unable to stop it, and his neighbors thinking he was running a race, did not try. The horse went to his master's house at Warr, but having an ass bray, started back. Pursing his wife, she saw him, and gave the coachman a half crown to bring him back. Meeting John, or the horse rather, he tried to stop him, but could not. The toll-gates were hung open, for, as before, the people thought John was running a race. "And so he did, and won it, too, for he got first to town."



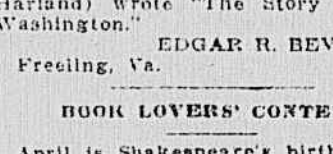
3. I am not certain, but I think "Heady-to-Hail" is a character in Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.



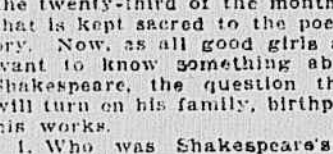
4. J. Fenimore Cooper wrote "The Leather Stockings" stories.



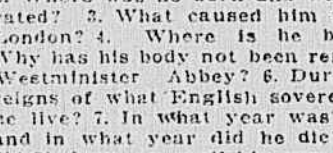
5. Mary Virginia Terhune, (Marion Harland) wrote "The Story of Mary Washington."



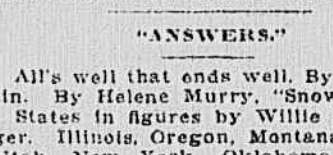
EDGAR R. BEVERLY.



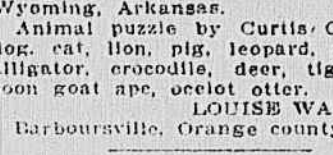
BOOK LOVERS' CONTEST.



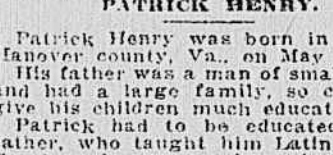
April is Shakespeare's birthday and the twenty-third of the month the day that is kept sacred to the poet's memory. Now, as all good girls and boys want to know something about William Shakespeare, the question this week will turn on his family, birthplace, and his works.



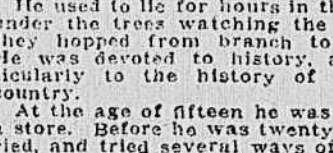
1. Where was Shakespeare's father?



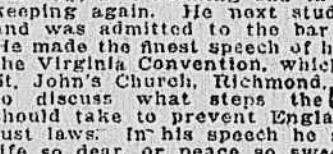
2. What caused him to go to London?



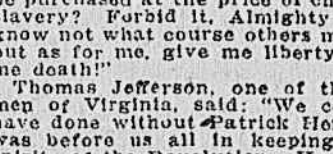
3. Why has his body not been removed to Westminster Abbey?



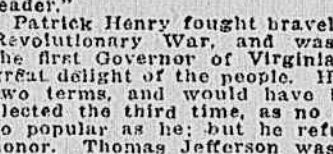
4. During the reigns of what English sovereigns did he live?



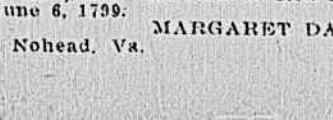
5. In what year was he born and in what year did he die?



6. How did Shakespeare spell his own name?



"ANSWERS."



All's well that ends well. By R. Martin. By Helene Murray, "Snow." States in figures by Willie D. Spangler. Illinois, Oregon, Montana, Maine, Utah, New York, Oklahoma, Texas, Wyoming, Arkansas.



LOUISE WALKER.



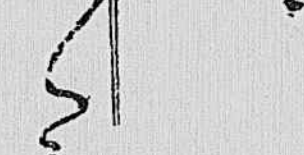
LOUISE WALKER.



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LOUISE WALKER.



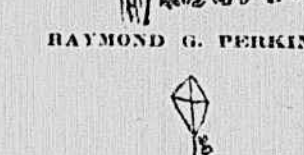
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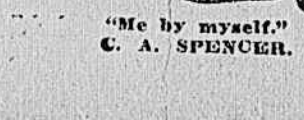
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